1699

Caledonia Triumphans:
A
PANEGYRICK
To the KING.

THrice mighty PRINCE, Illuſtrious by thy Birth,
Bellona's Glory: Splendor of the Earth.
Wonder of Brav'ry, and of charming Parts,
Great Conquerour of Kingdoms and of Hearts,
All the fam'd Hero's in our Age that be,
Quite loſe their Luſtre, when compar'd with Thee.
Bleſſed *Peace-maker* in our Bloody Wars,
Wiſe Reconciler of Inteſtine Jarrs.
The Martial *THISTLE* budds, and no more withers,
The fragrant *ROSE* it's Scent again recovers.
The *HARP* is tun'd: And valiant SIR, to Thee,
The Conquering *LILLIES* bowe and humbled be.
The Ballance of all *Europe* SIR, is Your's,
Sole Help and Shelter of oppreſſed Powers.
No Mortal in his Veins bears nobler Blood,
Sprung from a Race, both Ancient, Great and Good,
Defenders of our Faith, to Pop'ry Foes,
This *Holland*, *Flanders*, and all *Europe* knows.
O! happy ORANGE-TREE, both Branch and Root,
That hath bleſt *Britain* with ſuch cordial Fruit,
Yea, thoſe that in the Northern World do dwell,
Are much refreſhed by the very Smell.
Which perfumes all our European Coſts,
Through *Boreas* Blaſts and *Hyperborean* Froſt.
To your own *Thule*, and the *Orkney* Iſles,
And round cold *Ruſſia* many thouſand Miles.
Which rare Accompliſhments that ſhine in You,
Makes *CALEDONIA* thus her Caſe renew.

Now if Great SIR, you liſt to lend an Ear,
From a far *Countrey*, joyful News we hear,
Zephyrus gently blows, and Whiſtling, Sings,
Here, my ſweet Gales, delicious Tydings brings.
Fourth of *November*, that auſpicious Day,
Your valiant *SCOTS* their Colours did diſplay,
Into the *Weſtern World*, where they did meet,
Thouſands of Welcomes proſtrat at their Feet.
The Soveraign Director was their Guide,
Neptune them favour'd; Earth, Seas, Wind and Tyde.
The Natives made their Joyes ring to the Skyes,
And them ador'd as Demi-deitys.
Kind harmleſs Heathens, whom through time we vow,
To train good Subjects both to GOD and You.
St. *ANDREW* our firſt Tutelar was he,
The *UNICORN*, muſt next Supporter be,
The *CALEDONIA* doth bring up the Rear,
Fraught with brave hardy Ladds, and void of Fear;
All ſplendedly equipt, and to the Three,
The *Endeavour* and *Dolphin* Hand-maids be.
Who to theſe Praiſes, this Addition have,
No Injuries they'l give, nor yet receive.
Both Ships and Men commanded Sir, it's true,
By Captains both of Senſe and Honour too.
Nor are theſe Youths the Scum of this our Land,
But in effect, a brave and generous Band.
Inſpyr'd with thirſt of Fame, and fond to have,
Titles upon the Marbles of their Grave.
And though that hundreds in that Train do come,
Whoſe Vertues are eclipſt with want at Home.
Yet were there Means but equal to their Mind,
In all the World you ſhould not braver find.
But to allay Youths raſh unwary Deeds,
They have their Orders ſent from elder Heads.
Of a wiſe *Senat*, who Conſult and Vote,
What is the *Companys* Int'reſt; and what not.
At Landing, Fertile Fields and Golden Mountains,
Saluted them, with clear and chriſtal Fountains;
Roots, Flowers and Fruits, for Phyſick, and to eat,
And neither pinching Colds, nor ſcorching Heat.
Rivers, ſafe Bayes, variety of Plants,
And uſeful Trees which our old *Britain* wants.
Here grows the *Nicaragua*, *Manchioneil*,
Vannileos alſo, that perfumes ſo well.
Our ſable night is gone, the day is won,
The SCOTS are follow'd with the *RISING-SUN*.
The Ev'ning crowns the Day, and what remains?
Old *ALBANY* its antient Fame regains.
FERGUS 1ſt. } Your brave Anceſtor gave the *Scots* of old
} A *Lyon rampant* in a field of Gold.
When he our Coat-Armorial did diſpenſe,
Which now is ours, in a true literal Senſe.
And can our Breaſts ſuch ſwelling Joys contain,
WILLIAM the *Lyon* rules the SCOTS again:
A Nation who with hearts, with hands and head
Will ſerve you, Soveraign Sir, in time of need.
Warlike *Guſtavus*, and Great *Charl le maigne*,
Did ne're employ our Martial Swords in vain.
The *Brittons*, *Romans*, *Saxons* and the *Danes*,
Did all invade Us, but with fruitleſs Pains.
The treach'rous *Picts* did oft attempt the ſame;
But for Reward, loſt Countrey, Life and Name.
The noble Race of *Douglaſs* did excell
In Military Glory, all can tell
At Home, and Forraign Shoars, yea, ever ſtill,
Of all the Sirname, very few prove ill.
The antient *Grahams* are brave, and all confeſs,
True to their Sov'raigns, chiefly in diſtreſs.
The *Danes* who made our neighb'ring Nation Slaves,
Found here the *Hays* who beat them to their Graves.
Kind *Mantua* hath never yet forgot
Rare *Creighton*, call'd the *Admirable Scot*,
Whoſe Life ſhews him a Miracle of Men:
As it is drawn by an *Italian* Pen.
Wallace and *Bruce*, I ſhall not now rehearſe,
Leaſt I offend you, Sir, with tedious Verſe.
And hundreds more of undenyed Fame,
For Arts and Arms, whom I forbear to name:
And as our Valour flew all *Europe* round,
So now our Trade ſcarce both the Poles ſhall bound.
If You but own us, Mighty Sir, and then
No Devils we fear, nor yet malicious Men.
What humane Counter-plot can marr the thing,
That is protected by *Great-Britains* King.
Our Claim is juſt: and ſo we value not
The Brags of *Spain*, nor Thundrings of the Pope,
Who may well threaten; Yet *Don* dare not fight,
When he minds *DARIEN*, and old *Eighty eight*.
Their Cruelties were Catholick indeed,
Not Chriſtian, to poor *Indians* and their Seed.
But thoſe they call Hereticks of our Nation,
We hope will ſhew a meeker Reformation.
Nor ſhall inſulting Neighbours henceforth taunt
The gen'rous SCOTS, for Poverty and Want.
Our Ships through all the World ſhall go and come,
Ev'n from the Riſing to the Setting Sun.
Then ſhall we from the genuine Spring command,
What now we truckle at a ſecond hand.
And we ſhall flouriſh by your Royal Rays,
With Honour, Riches, and old *Neſtors* days:
And ever bleſs our GOD, and praiſe our KING,
And *CALEDONIA's* Triumphs gladly ſing.

No mercenary thoughts, or baſe deſign
Of ſervile Flatt'ry, made theſe Verſes mine.

By a Lover of *Caledonia*,
and the Muſes.

Edinburgh, Printed by the Heirs and Succeſſors of *Andrew Anderſon*, Printer to the Kin[g] moſt Excellent Majeſty, 1699.

06230
bD
Scott
84

Caledonia Triumphans:

A

PANEGYRICK

To the KING.